doctor's view of the injured, and he only said:

"Thus far things are progressing well. Tomorrow morning I'm going to Forbes's place, at Concarneau, for a few days. Tollemache and you can help Mr. Raymond in his negotiations with the authorities. Mr. Carmac is an American by birth, if not by domicile, so it is probable that his relatives will wish the body to be embalmed and taken to the United States. I would advise Mr. Raymond to consult a notary, because French procedure differs essentially from American methods. I've told Lorry about our altered plans. Perhaps we three can take a combined trip to Paris after Christmas. Goodnight, Sweetheart. Sleep well, and don't meet tomorrow's cares halfway."

Tollemache heard all that passed. Why, he knew not, but he found himself regretting that they were not leaving Pont Aven by the first train in accord with Ingersoll's original intent. He was more than ever conscious of that invisible wall which was now casting its shadow on their cheery intimacy. Yvonne would never again be a demure Breton maid or a straight-legged, long-haired American schoolgirl. She had become a woman in an hour. Life had flung wide its portals, and the prospect thus unfolded had saddened her inexpressibly.

What sinister influence had brought about this change? Could there be any actual foundation for Peridot's vaporings? As he walked back to the hotel through darkened streets he recalled certain vague rumors that had reached his ears in early days. Ingersoll had always posed as a widower; but someone had said that his married life was rather mysterious, since there was no record of his wife's death or place of interment. It would indeed be passing strange if the wreck of the Stella had brought to Pont Aven the woman who was at once Yvonne's mother and the wife of a complete stranger.

Tollemache buttoned the deep collar of an overcoat round his ears as he crossed the river, because the wind was still bitingly cold. He caught a glimpse of Mère Pitou's cottage on the opposite bank of the Aven. There was a light in Yvonne's bedroom. Frankly in love, he threw her a kiss.

The action did him, in his own phrase, "a heap of good." After all, such displays of emotion come naturally in France.

"I don't give a red cent who her mother was, or is, or what she has been, or turns out to be," he communed. "It's Yvonne I want! If Yvonne marries me some day, I'll be the happiest man who ever lived, and the most miserable if she doesn't. So there you are, Lorry, my boy! You must take the best of it, whichever way the flag falls."

MEMORIES of peaceful and contented years flitted through Ingersoll's mind while the steam tram lumbered next morning through tiny fields and across rambling lanes to the quay of Concarneau. Other memories, vivid and piercing, came of the period of love and dreams in Paris. Lithe and graceful and divinely beautiful as her daughter was now, Stella Fordyce had been then. An artist to her fingertips, she came to the studio where Ingersoll was working, turning readily to the palette after some slight defect in the vocal cords had put difficulties in the way of an operatic career.

It seemed to be a genuine instance of love at first sight, and they were married within three months of what was practically their first meeting, though Ingersoll had seen her as a girl of fourteen several years earlier. This step was not so foolish as it might have been in the case of two young people without means. Ingersoll had an income of three thousand dollars a year, and complete devotion to art in his student days had enabled him to save a small capital, which he spent on an establishment, and particularly on adorning an exceptionally handsome and attractive wife.

It had been far better were they poverty-stricken. Mutual privations and combined effort to improve their lot would have bound them by unbreakable ties. As it was, the taste for pleasure and excitement crept into Stella Ingersoll's blood. The first tiff between the two was the outcome of some mild protest on Ingersoll's part when his wife wished to increase rather than diminish her personal expenditure after Yvonne's birth. There were tears, and of course the man yielded: only to raise the point again more determinedly when an absurdly expensive dress was ordered for a ball at the opera.

Thenceforth the road to the precipice became ever smoother and steeper; though Ingersoll did not begin to suspect the crash that lay ahead until his wife left him and fled to her relatives in America. Her callous abandonment of the baby girl not yet a year old crushed to the dust the man who loved her. She told him plainly why she had gone. She was "sick to death" of petty economies. Indeed, her letter of farewell was brutally frank.

I think I have qualities that equip me for a society that you and I together could never enter [she wrote]. Why, then, should I deny myself while I am young, so that I may console vain regrets with copybook maxims when I am old? I see clearly that I would only embitter your life and spoil your career. Be wise, and take time to reflect, and you will come to believe that I am really serving you well by seeking my own liberty. Meanwhile I shall do nothing to bring discredit on your name. I promise that, on my honor!

Her honor! All his life Jim Ingersoll had hated cant, either in dogma or phrase, and this ill judged appeal stung him to the quick. He threw the letter into the fire, left Paris next day, and his wife's strenuous efforts to discover his whereabouts during the subsequent year failed completely.

Then he heard by chance that she had divorced him, and married Walter H. Carmac in her maiden name, and the tragic romance of his life closed with a sigh of relief, because, as he fancied, the curtain had fallen on its last act. He little dreamed that an epilogue would be staged nearly nineteen years later.

He was in such a state of mental distress that at Concarneau he sat for a whole hour in a café opposite the station, meaning to return to Pont Aven by the next train. But the man's natural clarity of reasoning came to his aid. He forced himself to think dispassionately. Two vital principles served as rallying points in that time of silent battle,—Yvonne must not be reft with crude violence from the grief-stricken and physically broken woman who claimed a daughter's sympathy, and he himself must avoid meeting this wife risen from the tomb. He had acted right, after all, in seeking refuge with his friend.

To be continued next Sunday

HISTORY ON THE WALL

Continued from page 6

repeating World Series history, these pictures were better than the others. Furthermore, the two-thousand-dollar man didn't have his pictures developed in time to compete.

How did it happen? By compressed air, mostly.

The man who wanted the pictures—but didn't want to pay for them—had imported from France a few weeks before a new-style moving picture camera run by compressed air. It was practically unknown in America. The old-style camera is all right for a set picture, but impossible for quick shift of scene. The aëroscope, or compressed-air camera, is designed for taking just such lively things as riots and sudden death. Its great advantage lies in the fact that it does not require a tripod, but is operated by the camera man's holding it firmly against his chest, and that the operator doesn't have to turn a crank, but merely presses a button and the compressed air turns the crank. It is comparatively light; a strong man can run with it.

On the day of the game this frozen-out manufacturer smuggled his man and his aëroscope into the field on a press photographer's permit, lent him by an accommodating friend. The aëroscope, covered with leather, seemed to be no different from the ordinary camera, and therefore aroused no suspicion. In addition, this manufacturer had four other men with cameras and tripods in automobiles parked nearby. These men brought take-down stands with them in the automobiles. Once the game was started they set up the stands in the cars, obtained sufficient elevation, and cranked away, with their long-distance lenses on, to their hearts' content. Was it a mean trick? Well, those polo players were public characters. Anyhow, no suits were brought.

THE general public has no idea whatever of the value of a so-called concession. Some of the strangest offers are made almost every day to the movie men by people who don't know what is essential to a moving picture. One man in Maryland offered to burn himself alive on a pyre for ten thousand dollars. He took it all back when a businesslike movie man, tired of triflers, flashed the money.

Another man in Chicago wanted a bid on the movie rights to a certain undertaking he said he had in mind, the like of which had never been done before. The movie man inquired the nature of the undertaking.

"I intend to fast for ninety days if I can get enough from the moving pictures to